

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 40.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,
A. Barlow,
G. M. Kee.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel,
J. C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock; Charles Cook, H. Grose,
Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Braffley, Lebelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

A STAUNTON journal seems to be feeling very good in view of hopeful indications of better times. It says: "When a tide begins to come in along the beach it fills this little dry hole, then it washes over that sandy place, and finally it washes over the whole beach. All this is done so gradually and quietly that it is high tide before we know it. Well, the holes are filling. The fifty cent wheat hole has disappeared. The three cent beef hole has disappeared, and 54 cent beef has taken its place. Horses, too, are rising in price. The United States Treasury receipts for March came nearer meeting expenses for that month than for many a month before, and for the first time in a long while there comes a renewal of foreign orders for American securities. Had it happened in 1893, all in one day, wheat going up 15 cents on the bushel, and beef 24 cents, there would have been a celebration in honor of the occasion." It is much easier to tear down than repair, so permanent prosperity does not come in an hour, and our people are expected to be patient but hopeful. Those who read this paragraph will see that a very encouraging start has been made, on the only sound basis—higher prices for commodities, iron, provisions, and cotton. For higher materials enable manufacturers, jobbers, and carriers to hire more men and pay better wages. When a person has no employment it matters but little to him whether a suit of clothes is five dollars or twenty. It does not make his times any easier. Higher prices for commodities have come it seems to stay. Sugar has advanced one-eighth of a cent per pound. This helps thirty-five thousand employees. Cotton is a cent higher. This means better times for ten millions of people. The signs in the wheat market bring hope to ten millions more. The Carnegie Company has voluntarily advanced wages, which indicates renewed hope in the vast extent of our country's iron and steel industry, and is a token for good for all classes and conditions. There are other signs too tedious to mention.

A GREAT many persons thought that the direct tax was to be refunded to individuals, but ex-Governor E. W. Wilson comes out in a letter and says that such is not the case as none of it was paid by individual tax-payers, but by the State as a whole, with the exception of the citizens of Jefferson and Berkeley who have been repaid by legislative enactments. Where the people got mixed was in supposing that some money they had paid to the Internal Revenue Department was the direct tax.

GOVERNOR MACCORKLE has decided that Elkins is the most dangerous man to be nominated for President by the Republican party. He shows very conclusively that Elkins would carry the North, and break the solid South with his views on silver. The only thing out of place in the Governor's letter is that he seems to be doing his best to help the Republicans to pick the strongest man and to cause Elkins to be nominated, by his logical deductions.

If the sun had nothing else to do but to shine on the righteous, it would be hardly worth while for him to rise as early as he does.—Texas Sittings.

It must be the lot of every one, when he arrives at an observing and thinking age, to notice the different estimates which different people put upon this world and the fullness thereof. Take two persons, one old and the other young, letting everything else be equal, and we find the older man bemoaning the awful condition of the world, its wickedness, its trouble, its debts, its immediate destruction for its sins, while the younger man, however grave and thoughtful he may be, will consider it a delightful world, taking a hopeful view of not only his own future but of the prospects of the earth outlasting him. Having assumed the neutral place of the philosopher, you must then come to the conclusion, as you view the face of nature and that of the weary old critic, that you see more signs of corruption, rottenness, and early dissolution in the face of the old man than in the world which you hear berated. And that must be the secret. A man who has grown old and sour living a life of selfishness sees no good in anything because there is no good in him. The effects of a misspent life are plainly shadowed forth and his daily existence is a torture to himself and creates social desolation around him. This pessimistic spirit belongs generally to old age that it is with a feeling of repulsion that the young man looks forward to the old man's life of despair and

whole question comes up to how we are to fill up our lives. This is the problem every man works out for himself as he elbows his way through the daily press of circumstances. Every phase of life is in daily use, all tending to the grave, and happy is the man who escapes a shadow in life worse than the grave itself. On the banks of the Monongahela, on a bluff, is the tombstone of a man which serves as a landmark to the pilots on the river. On it is engraved, by request of the strange character, who died at the age of twenty-six, whose body rests under it, the inscription "Let no man say whiskey brought me to this, for my sober moments were my most unhappy ones." Evidently this boy had taken one way out of the woods, but not one that can be followed by you and I. The most generally commended mode of life is that of the sober, industrious man, who "sets his stakes" to do and not to do certain things, but "dies the same," having carried on a businesslike existence to every one's satisfaction save his own. Life is a most serious matter. Probably the best a fellow can do is to enjoy to the limit the days he has to live, in the surroundings fate has given him, striving all the time to be just and charitable, proudly cherishing his native love and reverence for higher things, endeavoring to make the world a more agreeable place for man, and in this way he may work out his own salvation from a misanthropic old age. But the philosopher will tell us that it depends upon our temperament, and if we have been born with an unfortunate disposition we are not likely to know real happiness or realize our longings. It may be that we are to know that "Each year brings less summer cheer, Crimps more our ineffectual spring, And something earlier every year, Our singing birds take wing."

VERDANT GREEN IN TROUBLE.

He Says, "Never Bring a Pistol to Marlinton."

George Garden, who claims to come from Locust Creek, arrived at Marlinton one evening last week, and before twenty-four hours had passed found himself safely lodged in jail. His character was marked by great simplicity, with the inordinate desire of youth to make himself prominent. The crankiness of his age was shown in his wearing a great deal of flashy jewelry, the most notable of which were his bespangled bracelets. He was very well dressed, and looked a simple, high-colored youth, who was just beginning to feel his way around in the world. He tried to obtain a position with every man in town, but failed, and the boys took delight in sending him to all sorts of unlikely places to find work, as well as to some of our most respected townsmen to buy something to drink.

He came into this printing office in his search for a position, and looking around decided that a roll-top desk must be the press, and said as much. A proposal to trade him the running gear of a bicycle as a watch chain took with him immensely. The boys finally sent him to the McLaughlin House to obtain a position as night clerk, and when he got into that part of the town he got into trouble. He insisted on going into the private apartments of the jail building, frightening the jailer's wife, and showing a pistol. This pistol seemed to be his greatest pride, and he had flourished it constantly since coming to town. Jailer decided to arrest him.

He seemed to be most ready to confess judgment, thinking he would be only fined, and was breathing out threats against the man who had arrested him. In his examination he said he was an orphan, 18 years old, and had lived with William A. McClure, of Locust, most of his life. He said that he was "studying to be a detective," and the great secret was out. It was evident that the spectators had an example before them of the effect the reading of blood and thunder stories has on a young boy's mind. He brazened the trial out, and seemed very proud of his handcuffs which were crowding his beloved bracelets, until the court sentenced him to thirty days in jail and fined him \$25 and costs. Then he wilted and objected to going to jail under any circumstances, begging the Justice to increase his fine to \$100, saying, too, that he wanted to go to school.

The Justice told him that the month's confinement would be the best of schooling, but he failed to see the point.

In the course of the evidence it came out that he had bought the pistol from a merchant of this county a few days before. Selling a pistol to a minor is an indictable offense, and one that cannot be guarded against too much. It was a particularly unhappy bargain which put this poor numb-skull in the possession of a pistol so that he "could study for a detective, and practice firing."

Very great relief was felt by many in the town when they heard of his arrest, as he had been firing his pistol very recklessly and terrifying several women.

He received a warm welcome from the prisoners in the jail, as he had forced himself into the guard-room where he had laughed and told them that he could break out that jail in a few minutes. They delighted in telling him what awful things were in his particular cell, and he got very sick of it.

The sentence will teach him a lesson, and do a lot of good among that abnoxious class of boys who own a revolver.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.

A Relic of Antiquity.

A dealer in curios has refused the following scroll which was discovered recently in this county, and it came into the exclusive possession of a reporter of this paper, who recognized it as the oldest story on earth; in fact it is known as the Old, Old Story. The parchment it is written on is a brown-white, and the instrument a lead pencil, which is binding in law. It has no date but it can safely be said that it was written when the world was young. The contents of the document are here given that the reader may speculate on its antiquity:

"My dear if you are still my dear it has been a long time sense I tried to write you a letter I thought as I was tired of work I write you a few lines to let you no I still think of you and love you in my heart. dear love you ask when I wanted to get married. I will be ready by the first of October if that will suit you Darling I want you to tell me this do you love that other girl better than me if you do my Darling tell me so for I want to no so I will no what to depend on. Darling I thought you was mad at me yesterday when you left and was to meeting last night but I did not go with you my dear I do not think you care anything for me I want you to tell me the truth and nothing else for dear I do love you and will stick to you as long as I live if you will stick to me as you promise you would now Darling answer this by Wednesday night I am going to meeting that night would like for you to be there my dearest love answer this and tell me what you are going to do and please hurry.

for this time, write soon I will look for you a Sunday be shore and come."

The Mills of the Gods.—The aged mendicant crept tremblingly into the office of the successful young lawyer. "Only a few pennies, sir," he said.

The young man gazed at him keenly. "Is not this William Wilwats?" he asked.

The aged mendicant admitted that such was the case.

"Then listen, William Wilwats," said the young man, his voice trembling with suppressed satisfaction. "Twenty years ago, when you were a prosperous merchant, you met a little barefoot country boy in the highroad and called him 'bub.' That is an insult no boy ever forgives. My time for revenge has come at last. You don't get a cent. Get out."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"My task in life," said the pastor of one of our churches, complacently, "consists in saving young men." Whereupon one of our fair maidens, with a soulful longing, replied: "Save a good one for me."—*Troy Chief.*

"Did you ever surrender yourself to the police?" asked Ploddind Pete. "No sir," replied Meandering Mike. "I'm a firm believer in the principle that the officer should seek the man, not the man the officer."—*Washington Star.*

"Things are gettin' into a bad bunch," remarked the man from the interior of Wayback township. "The politicians are all tryin' to teach the grangers how to grange, en the grangers are all tryin' to pint the politicians how to politish."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WHEN the bellows gave out and the organist in a Rockland church was unable to get anything but a few groans from the instrument, the pastor remarked: "The organ has failed us at a vital moment; let us rise and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"—*Lewiston Journal.*

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.